

OUR HONORED DEAD.

List of Carbondale's Soldiers Who Have Passed Away—See
That Their Graves Are Strewn With Flowers
on Tuesday Next, Memorial Day.

CORRECTED LIST OF THOSE WHO ARE BURIED IN THE CEMETERIES IN THIS CITY.

Maplewood Cemetery.

NAMES.	WHERE DIED.
1 Charles B Mason	Carbondale
2 Wm A Davis	David's Island, N Y
3 Wm Shannon	Carbondale
4 Fred'k Ulmer, Hospital,	Washington
5 Ernest Johnson	Carbondale
6 Luman C Berry	"
7 Erastus Berry	"
8 Henry J Baker	"
9 J H Phillips	"
10 Henry W Whiting	Massachusetts
11 H N Whiting	Carbondale
12 Robert G Bailey	"
13 George Forrester	"
14 James Foster	"
15 William Easter	"
16 William J Hughes	"
17 J H Bronson	"
18 George Styles	"
19 John D Wedeman	Mill Creek
20 James Willis	Carbondale
21 Frederick Glutz	"
22 Evan Breese	"
23 Edwin Reese	"
24 John Black	"
25 James Forrester	"
26 John Campbell	"
27 Isaac Siebottom	"
28 Geo J Davies,	Communipaw, N J
29 James Belknap	Carbondale
30 George M Rowley	"
31 Alfred Darte	"
32 Lewis Deering	"
33 Wm M Thompson	"
34 Amos Guard	"
35 M P Bailey	"
36 John H Marcy	"
37 Lewis Decker	"
38 Lucius Marshall	"
39 Jacob Bryant	"
40 Benj H Thomas	"
41 Eliab Gilbert	"
42 John Scurry	"
43 James M Drumm	"
44 E lis Roberts	"
45 Wm Herring	"
46 Thos Jardine	"
47 Carr Simpson	"
48 John T Peck	"
49 John Newton	"
50 William Smith	"

51 Thos H Woodward	"
52 John Mahoney	"
53 Thos R Lathrope	"
54 John Tracy	"
55 Jos E Parker	"
56 Peter Matthews	"
57 C R Vogel	"
58 Benjamin Geary	Dunmore
59 Charles H Hollis	Carbondale
60 Frank Miller	"
61 Calvin Parsons	Wilcox
62 James M Stewart	Carbondale
63 John Alpaugh	"
64 Samuel D Baker	"
65 Wm N Cole	"
66 Chas E Turner	"
67 George Porter	"
68 Truman Whipple	"
69 Truman D Bradley	De Land, Fla
70 William Nicol	Carbondale
71 Silas Wedeman	"

Old Catholic Cemetery.

1 Patrick Gallagher	Carbondale
2 Hugh Gallagher	"
3 John McHale	"
4 John Wills	Carbondale
5 John McGowan	"
6 Michael Quigley	"
7 Anthony Loftus	"
8 Matthew Norton	"
9 Thomas Kirkwood	"
10 Patrick Brennan	"

New Catholic Cemetery.

11 Captain M Flynn	Carbondale
12 Thomas Nolan	"
13 Andrew O'Connell	"
14 James Cannon	"
15 Terrence Scanlon	"
16 Thomas Kilpatrick	"
17 Dr Richard Foote	"
18 Thomas Walker	"
19 William Perham	"
20 John Linnen	"
21 Thomas Gilhool	"
22 Charles Timmons	"
23 Thomas Sullivan	"
24 Martin Barrett	"
25 Charles Boland	"

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26	Patrick Flood	New York city
27	Alex McLean	Carbondale
28	Martin Hanophy	"
29	Timothy Burns	"
30	Barney O'Rourke	"
31	Andrew Fagan	"
32	John Lyng	"
33	Thomas Smith	"
34	Anthony Woody	"
35	John Flannery	"
36	Michael Surdival	"
37	Edward Burke	"
38	John O'Grady	"
39	Edward Lynn	"
40	Thomas Farrell	"
41	Michael Golden	"
42	Michael Morrison	"
43	Michael Farrell	"
44	Patrick Fallon	"
45	William W Walker	"
46	Daniel O'Connell	"
47	Martin Healey	"
48	John Scanlon	"
49	Patrick O'Rourke	"
50	James Duffy	"
51	John Weidner	"
52	John Gordon	"
53	John Kelly	"

Brookside Cemetery.

1	James Palmer, Post 397	
2	James V Irwin	Carbondale
3	Malcolm L Rowison	"
4	Henry Baker	"
5	Selah Brock, Susq. Post,	"
6	Nicholas Peters	"

Greenfield Cemetery.

Alban M Burdick (Vail)
Wm Cordner (Green)
G W Buchanan (Lee)
William Sweet (Vail)
Hiram Tompkins (Wedeman)
Daniel B Coon (Peck)
Daniel Vail, Carey cem., Scott
Wesley Thatcher, Meredith cemetery,
near Carbondale

Veterans of Other Wars.

Col. Dennis Graham	Florida war
James B Moran	Mexican war
Michael B White	Florida war

THE SILENT ROLL.

Corrected List of Our Soldiers Who Have Died and Were
Buried Away From Carbondale.

Benjamin Havard, Andersonville Prison	Horatio R Pierce, Scranton, Pa
Edwin Hall	Col Wm N Monies
Conrad Fischer	John W Mason, Green, N Y
Charles Sherwood	Wm Walker, Nevada
Edgar F Cramer	John Brennan.
Dennis Sullivan	Wm Battle, 2d Battle Bull Run, Va
Samuel Lane	Russell Harris, Port Jervis, N Y
James Barton	Stephen Brundage, Washington, D C
Elisha Guard	Samuel H Pattent, Lincoln hospital,
Michael Hickey.	Washington, D C
Clark R Darte	James McLaughlin, in Battle Antietam
William Hunter, Salisbury Prison	Daniel Hazen, Phila. hospital
George A Whiting, Baltimore, Md	David Vail, unknown
Charles A Whiting, at Sea	Oscar Smith,
Jacob A Turner, Soldiers' Home, Wash-	Lewis B Dings, Falmouth, Va
ington, D C	Martin Chamberlin, Hartford, Pa
John Grady, Arizona	Geo Chamberlain, Harrisburg, Penn
John Lane, Hart's Island, N Y	George Phillips,
Thomas Murphy, Georgetown hospital,	Charles Manzer, Washington, D C
Washington	John Manzer,
James Gilhool, Battle Wilderness	Edwin F Adams, Harford, Susq Co
John Gilhool,	William Conrad, Gibson, Pa
Daniel Bradley, Battle Fair Oaks	Charles A Dart, Elkdale, Pa
John Mooney, Mansfield, Pa	David Price, Gibson, Pa
Griffith Reese, Louisville hospital	John Lynch, unknown, in the Army
Richard Miller, Libby prison	Charles Maxwell, Battle of St. Mary's
Dilton Taylor, David's Island, N Y	Church, Va
Richard Taylor, Providence, Pa	Oran W Taylor, Providence, Pa
James Gordon, 2d Battle Bull Run	Frank Hudson, Wilkes-Barre
Thomas Nolan, Washington, D C	Geo W Sampson, Post 187, Dunmore
Almon Engle, David's Island, N Y	John Finnan, Danville, Pa
Peter Vankirk, Susquehanna, Pa	Frank Le Roy, Camp Stoneman, Va
Bryan Kelly, New Orleans, La	Chas H Estabrook, Jackson, Susq Co
George A Decker, Norfolk, Va	Ira Davenport, Canaan cemetery
Lewis Hudson, Washington, D C	Peter Galligan, Pittston, Pa
Walter Rosser	John Dresser, New Orleans
Charlton Benham, Boonsboro, Md	Luther H Sampson, Peekville
Patrick Dougherty, Leadville, Col	Minor C Connor, Scranton
Michael Reap, Battle Wilderness	Lewis Sillsbee, Peekville
John Coyle, Washington, D C	John T Amerman, Glen Dyberry Cem ,
Lemuel Haskins, Morris, S C	Honesdale

Two Carbondale soldiers died in the Spanish American war:—C. W. Tallman, buried at Jackson; Wm. Craig, died and buried in Cuba.

It is interesting to think about the D&H and about these innovations in transportation in the Lackawanna Valley against the backdrop of American history at the time. The Valley Road was taking shape in the Lackawanna Valley at the same time that the American Civil War was taking place. On April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House. See the article titled **“UNION ! VICTORY!”** in the *Carbondale Advance* of April 15, 1865, p. 2.

It is equally interesting to know that the D&H participated in the victory celebrations that took place in Carbondale when the Civil War came to an end. The announcement of the Union victory in the Civil War and the description of the victory ceremonies in Carbondale are given in the same issue and on the same page of the *Carbondale Advance*:

“THE VICTORIES. / Demonstrations of Joy in Carbondale. / According to previous arrangement, at three o’clock Tuesday afternoon, the Bells of all the Protestant churches in Carbondale were rung, and the whistles of the Del. & Hudson Canal Co. Engines were blown, [emphasis added] and 200 Guns were fired. The fantastics in motley garbs paraded the streets, etc. / In the early part of the evening a crowd of people assembled in front of the M. E. Church, where a Platform had been erected for the occasion, during the afternoon. At seven o’clock the meeting was organized by electing Mr. Henry B. Jadwin, Jr. Chairman, and H. P. Hathaway, Secretary. The Soldiers that have been stationed here during the winter were present, and their bayonets glistened in the bright lamplight, presenting a most imposing aspect. The Wyoming Annual Conference being in session in this City, an invitation was extended to that venerable body to furnish Speakers for the occasion, several kindly volunteered. The chairman called the meeting to order, by stating briefly the worthy object for which we were convened there, and introduced to the audience the Rev. G. M. Peck, former Pastor of the M. E. Congregation in this City. The speaker congratulated his hearers upon the happy occasion on which he was permitted to greet them again, alluding briefly to the great change in the prospects of the people of this country within a very short time, and the unmistakable signs of approaching peace. ‘It is befitting,’ he said, ‘that we should give thanks to God, who is bringing to so successful an issue the cause, in defense of which, the blood and treasure of the Nation had been poured out like water.’ He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Keys, the Rev. J. K. Peck, the Rev. Mr. Hillier, and the Rev. Mr. Wheeler. It would be superfluous for me to speak of the merits of the extempore efforts of these Rev. gentlemen, but suffice it to say that I never witnessed a more attentive audience for so long a time. / During the intervals of speaking we were entertained by the firing of rockets, and the discharge of Cannon on the Public Square. / After the speaking, the chairman called for three cheers for Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman, Little Phil. Sheridan, and the Soldiers and Sailors of the American Union. / All then united in singing ‘Union Forever’ and the ‘Star Spangled Banner’ and then dispersed. Many of the principal residences were brilliantly illuminated. / Much credit is due to Mr. Henry B. Jadwin, for his efforts in collecting money with which to purchase fire-works, etc., for the able manner in which he conducted the exercises of the evening. / H. P. Hathaway, Sec.” (*Carbondale Advance*, April 15, 1865, p. 2)

Tombstones for Union Soldiers.

It is probably generally remembered that some years ago—in 1873—Congress passed a law providing for the erection of durable headstones over the graves of soldiers of the regular and volunteer forces of the United States whose remains are interred in the National Military Cemeteries. This law has been carried out, and the graves of the Nation's dead in these cemeteries are now permanently marked. At the instance of the War Department, Congress has recently authorized the erection of similar headstones over the graves of the Union soldiers who are buried in private and village cemeteries. This will be done as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. In the meantime the Quartermaster General, at Washington, will proceed to collect the necessary information as to where these headstones are required.

All persons having any knowledge of the burial places of soldiers in private cemeteries whose graves are not marked, are requested to communicate the fact to the Quartermaster General, and give regiment, company, and date of death of deceased, if known. Similar information is desired from parties in charge of such cemeteries.

Of course it is not intended to furnish headstones for graves over which monuments have already been erected by relatives or friends of the deceased.

C. Lalo Advame

4-5-79-

p. 3

Former parade ground now site of Memorial Park

(Editor's Note: The following article on Carbondale's Memorial Park will be published in two parts, with the second part appearing in next week's issue.)

By S. ROBERT POWELL

Up to the time when Carbondale's first City Hall (see "The History of City Hall," published in the NEWS, December 21, 1981, page 1) was erected in 1852, the lots on which the present-day city hall and Memorial Park are located were a desolate wasteland that was occasionally used by baseball players and the many circuses that visited Carbondale. Before that time, these two lots were used as a training ground by the local militia and were known as "the parade ground."

When it became publicly known that the Select Council and the Common Council were planning to erect a city hall in Carbondale, a group of prominent and civic-minded citizens (H.S. Pierce, J.P. Foster, I.H. Russ, William Root, G.R. Love, J.M. Poor, J.H. Estabrook, J.G. Murray, G.M. Reynolds and J.R. Fordham) sent the following petition to the city's Councils:

"Having heard that your bodies contemplate building a city hall and believing there is no site so good as the parade ground, we would respectfully ask that you take such steps as are necessary for the removal of the barn now on said ground."

The exact location of the city hall that was erected on the former parade ground in 1852 has not yet been learned, but it is likely that the building was situated on, or near, the site of the present city hall. If that was the case, then one-half of the former desolate wasteland in the heart of the city was, in 1852, transformed into the landscaped terrain that surrounded the 1852 City Hall.

The other half of the former parade ground, present-day Memorial Park, was not transformed into a park until the 1880s. The first step toward reclaiming what is now Memorial Park was made, we learn from the 1901 "Carbondale Souvenir Booklet," by the William H. Davies Post 187, G.A.R., which issued an appeal to the public for funds for fencing the ground, erecting a monument and a fountain. A Monument and Park Fund was established and Joseph B. Van Bergen and J.M. Alexander were named

20709—Memorial Park and St. Rose Church, CARBONDALE, Pa.



MEMORIAL PARK and St. Rose Church, Carbondale, Pa. Shown in this post card from the Russell Homestead Photograph Archive, are the watering trough on North Main Street across from City Hall, the fountain in Memorial Park with an allegorical figure on the second level, the Civil War monument (dedicated May 30, 1885), and St. Rose Church. (See story this page.)

chairmen and secretary. In *The Carbondale Advance* of May 16, 1885 (Volume XXVIII, Number 52, page 3), the following contributions to this fund were acknowledged for that week: Employees of Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's Round House, collected by S.H. Bryant, \$6.50; "A Friend of the Vets," \$10; John Mohrs, \$5; Thomas Oliver, \$5; John R. Price, \$2; M.G. White, New York, \$1; D.D. Entrot, \$1; Edward Havard, \$1. Total for the week: \$31.50. Previously acknowledged, \$3,800.11. Grand Total, \$3,831.61.

In a related article on the same page in that same issue of *The Carbondale Advance* is the following paragraph of information about the fundraising activities of the Monument and Park Fund Committee:

"On account of Memorial Day coming on Saturday, and the varied duties connected with the observance of the day by all of the Posts, a large delegation need not be looked for from out of town. Hence the proposed dinner on that day has been deferred until the 4th of July, when the

ladies will have a dinner and ice cream festival in the City Hall, for the benefit of the Park fund. It is to be hoped that similar efforts on the part of churches or other organizations will be postponed or had previous to that time so that nothing will tend to compromise this last effort to raise funds to meet the bills becoming due at that time. The Association has an arduous task before it yet to complete the work on the Park, and as it is for the public good, we hope there will be no opposition to making this festival a success."

The total cost of creating Memorial Park was \$4,645.09. The city appropriated \$1,000 and the remaining money was raised by entertainments and by individual contributions. The William H. Davies Post 187, G.A.R., gave \$160. The first contribution from the general public was from a poor woman, who gave twenty-five cents. The largest individual contribution was \$110. Unfortunately, the names of both of these contributors have not come down to us.

On May 30, 1885, the Civil War monument in Memorial Park was dedicated, and the Park was opened to the public. The inscription on the western side of the monument reads as follows:

"ERECTED 1885, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF SERG. WM. H. DAVIES POST NO. 187, G.A.R. AND BY THE CITIZENS OF CARBONDALE, PA. TO THE MEMORY OF ALL ITS CITIZENS WHO BECAME THE BRAVE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION DURING ITS PERIL OF 1861-1865." Given on the other three sides of this monument are the names of the soldiers from Carbondale who died during the Civil War, 1861-65, and in the period 1866-1884, from causes directly related to service in the Civil War.

Also given on this monument are the names of the officers and members of the William H. Davies Post, No. 187, G.A.R., in 1885. It is interesting to note that after the Civil War monument was erected, and before it was dedicated, that it was found necessary to lock the gates to Memorial Park to prevent the ground from being trampled down and hardened, prior to seeding, by the crowds of people seeking admission to the Park, and to protect the trees and shrubs growing in the Park.

Carbondale Historical Society and Museum, Inc.

Post Office Box 151, Carbondale, PA 18407

(The CHS&M, INC. is a 501(C)3 Corporation)



President: S. Robert Powell
First Vice President: John V. Buberniak
Second Vice President: Bob Price
Secretary: Rita Scott
Treasurer: Howard A. Yepson

Board of Directors: Made up of 9 members:
the officers and the following members:

Diane Kurlansky
Donald W. Powell
Louise Speicher
Shirley Zaborowski

Dear Member:

As we begin the new year, the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum looks forward to its best year ever. We have been very busy in recent months in cataloguing, organizing, and making available for research and/or display our always-growing archives and collections. A major step forward was recently taken by the Society when Room 303 was outfitted with sturdy storage shelves for warehousing the thousands of artifacts now in the Society's collections. At the same time, a special exhibition, entitled "Civic Portraiture," has been mounted by Society member Donald W. Powell and is now on view in the Society's primary exhibition gallery, Room 301, Carbondale City Hall. If you have not yet been in to see this show, make arrangements to do so now, as the show will remain on view only until the end of this month.

The beginning of the new calendar year means, of course, that it is time, once again, to renew your membership in the Society for another year. A membership renewal form is enclosed. Please fill it out and return it, together with your membership dues, to the Society at Post Office Box 151, Carbondale, PA 18407.

We have accomplished a great deal in the past eight years and look forward, with enthusiasm, to the year ahead. With your help--and financial support--we will have a banner year in 1991.

Every year the Historical Society sponsors a concert by the Crystal Band in Carbondale as a Christmas gift to the community as a whole from the Society. This year's concert took place in the main sanctuary of the Berean Baptist Church, Lincoln Avenue and North Church Street, on December 16th--and there was not an empty seat in the house when the concert began. In every respect, the concert was a grand success, due in a large measure to the enthusiastic support of a core group of intrepid Society members who, even on short notice, are capable of moving heaven and earth, if you will. No less than 17 members and friends baked cookies, which were served with punch and coffee immediately following the concert. Sincere thanks to all who helped in any way to make this wonderful holiday tradition the success that it was.

Two days after the annual Christmas concert, the Society's annual Christmas Dinner meeting took place at the Corner Bistro in Carbondale. A sumptuous holiday buffet (roast beef, baked ham, sausage and peppers, rigatoni, broiled potatoes, cauliflower and broccoli, tossed salad, and an extraordinary array of cakes and pastries, beautifully presented on a dessert table embellished with an ice sculpture in the form of a swan) was served. Fifty-one members and friends attended the dinner: Mrs. Jean Colville, Mrs. Eleanor Spellman, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price, Mrs. Rita Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martin, Mrs. Margaret Malone, Mrs. Kitty Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. David Mickel, Miss Marie Farrell, Mrs. Howard Yepson, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Tyrrell, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Grippo, Mr. and Mrs. Robert DeGrazia, Mrs. Lillian Vaia, Mrs. Rose Kresok, Mr. James DeGrazia, Mr. Warren Mertz, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hiddlestone, Miss Mary Ellen Clemo, Mr. Ward Roe, Mr. Donald W. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Delfino, Mrs. Louise Speicher, Mr. Joseph Pascoe, Mr. John V. Buberniak, Mrs. Henry J. Loftus, Sr., Mr. Henry J. Loftus, Jr., Mr. John J. Klimkiewicz, Ms. Alice Langan, Ms. Kathleen Langan, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hoyle, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Wrenn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burke, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Coleman, and Mr. S. Robert Powell.

Following the dinner, the Society's president spoke briefly on the many accomplishments of the Society during 1990 and then introduced to the group a special guest at the dinner, the Executive Director of the Lackawanna Historical Society, Miss Mary Ellen Clemo. Society member Donald W. Powell then spoke on the special exhibition, entitled "Civic Portraiture," that he has prepared and mounted and which is now on view in the Society's exhibition galleries on the third floor of Carbondale City Hall. S. Robert Powell and John V. Buberniak then presented a slide show in which eighty color slides (historic views of Carbondale and the surrounding area) were projected onto a screen. Important new information about the sites shown in the slides was learned from the very knowledgeable group of historians present at the annual Christmas Dinner.

The Society's annual Christmas Dinner and the annual Crystal Band concert sponsored by the Society in Carbondale are, many people have said, two of the highlights of the Christmas season in Carbondale. If you have never attended these two Christmas events sponsored by the Society, you owe it to yourself to do so. Plan now to attend both of these special events this coming December.

At the Society's Annual Meeting and Christmas Dinner in 1987, Professor Franck G. Darte II, Professor of Education in Wilkes College, was the guest speaker. At that time, Professor Darte presented to the Society the handwritten copy of the dedicatory address that his grandfather, Judge Alfred Darte, gave on May 30, 1885, on the occasion of the dedication of the Grand Army of the Republic Monument in Carbondale's Memorial Park. The complete text of that address, as well as (1) the poem of Dr. R. Bruce Wilson that was written for and presented at the dedication of the G.A.R. Monument in Carbondale, (2) contemporary newspaper accounts of that dedication ceremony, and (3) the texts of the General and Special Orders from the G.A.R. that were issued in 1885 for the proper celebration of Memorial Day are presented in this issue of the Society's NEWSLETTER.

Plans are now being formulated for a dinner meeting, sponsored by the Historical Society, to take place, very probably in May of this year, at which the complete text of Judge Alfred Darte's speech will be read. That address and Dr. R. Bruce Wilson's poem are extraordinarily important documents in Carbondale's history and it is important that they be publicly heard again, 106 years after they were originally presented. It is hoped that many of the Carbondale veterans' groups will participate in this proposed presentation to be sponsored by the Historical Society. The final details on the dinner will be announced in the Society's NEWSLETTERS that will be published this Spring.

As I remarked at the outset of this letter, now is the time to renew your membership in the Society for 1991. Fill out the enclosed membership renewal form and return it--together with your membership dues--to the Society. Do it today. With your help--and financial support--we will have a banner year in 1991.

Sincerely yours,

S. Robert Powell
President

CARBONDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

CONTENTS

The primary content of this NEWSLETTER is an article, entitled "MEMORIAL DAY!," that was published in THE CARBONDALE LEADER on Tuesday Morning, June 2, 1885. Herein, we have divided that article into two parts:

I. THE GENERAL AND SPECIAL ORDERS -- HOW IT WILL BE CELEBRATED IN CARBONDALE --THE LINE OF MARCH AND DETAILS OF THE EXERCISES (given herein on page 2).

II. THE MONUMENT DEDICATED, THE CEREMONIES OF THE OCCASION, THE DEDICATORY ADDRESS AND POEM (presented herein on pages 3-8).

THE ADVANCE, another extraordinary newspaper published in Carbondale in the nineteenth century, also carried a complete account of the Memorial Day ceremonies in Carbondale on May 30, 1885. As did THE CARBONDALE LEADER, THE ADVANCE published the complete text of Captain Darte's address and the complete text of Dr. R. Bruce Wilson's poem. The introductory newspaper account to those texts that was published in THE ADVANCE on Saturday, June 6, 1885, is presented herein on page 8, column 2.

"MEMORIAL DAY! THE GENERAL AND SPECIAL ORDERS -- HOW IT WILL BE CELEBRATED IN CARBONDALE -- THE LINE OF MARCH AND DETAILS OF THE EXERCISES" (Published in THE CARBONDALE LEADER, Tuesday Morning, June 2, 1885).

MEMORIAL DAY!

Orders and Programme for its Observance.

The Names of Graves in Town to be Decorated.

THE GENERAL AND SPECIAL ORDERS -- HOW IT WILL BE CELEBRATED IN CARBONDALE -- THE LINE OF MARCH AND DETAILS OF THE EXERCISES.

The following general and special orders in regard to the proper celebration of Memorial Day have been issued, giving details of interest to the members of our Post and those of our citizens who are in sympathy with the Grand Army boys in their efforts to keep fresh the memory of their fallen comrades.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9. HD'QRS, DEPT OF PA.
GRAND ARMY OF REPUBLIC, Phil'a, May 6th, 1885.

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC: Another year in life's campaign brings us again to Memorial Day with its sad memories and tender associations, and as the Nation bends over the graves of its heroes and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love, let us remember that we are not only to cast our floral offerings on the graves of former comrades-in-arms, but standing in their presence to rededicate ourselves to the unfinished work they have left us to do.

We shall stand on this Memorial Day at the graves of comrades who marched with us one year ago. At these graves we are reminded that our ranks are rapidly thinning, and at each vacant place come new and weightier responsibilities.

Their work is done, their mission ended. To us, their comrades, is given the duty of keeping fresh and green their memories, of perpetuating and transmitting intact to posterity the country perfected by their sacrifices and sufferings. Resting from their labors, the story of their lives jeweled by deeds of valor and patriotism, shall inspire in the hearts of all the people a love for country and flag, that shall keep the land forever united, beautiful and free.

Let memorial services be held in such places of worship at which Posts may be able to attend, and in the Sanctuary let us thank God, that it was our privilege to live in a time, when hosts of brave men died for humanity's sake, and, when the greatest and grandest army in the history of the world proclaimed liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof.

BY COMMAND OF AUSTIN CURTIN,
Department Commander.

THOS. J. STEWART.
Assistant Adjutant General.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 2. HD'QRS WM. H. DAVIES POST,
187, G.A.R., Carbondale, Penn'a. May 18th, 1885.

Comrades! General orders, No. 9, issued from Department Headquarters May 6th instruct us in a duty which every loyal soldier loves to perform,--that of visiting the graves of those whose ties with us were welded in the fire of battle, and placing thereon the tokens of affection and the flag for which they fought. Standing at the threshold of another summer, its buds and flowers are the reminders of another year, which helps us to reflect back during its fleeting months. Three comrades who marched with us then, are now with the silent dead. Comrades Lister, Sampson and Bailey have been mustered out, and so it will be years to come, thinning our ranks and increasing the number of graves to visit. As a preparation for the performance of the sacred duties of Memorial Day, we are glad to accept an invitation from the Baptist congregation to attend divine services on the Sunday preceding Memorial Day, May 30th. The Post will meet on Sunday next at Post Hall at 6:30 o'clock in uniform, hat, badge and dark clothes and white gloves. Comrades will take special pains to make known to every member this order at attend divine services.

The program for Memorial Day will be carried out:

1st. Raising the National Standard at half-mast at sunrise, and firing a national salute.

2nd. The Post will meet at Post Hall at 8 o'clock in the morning, every comrade will bring with him one or two bouquets in his hand, the flags will be issued in the hall where a short service will be held, calling the silent roll and reading of memorial orders by the Adjutant. Squads will then be formed which will visit the various cemeteries and perform their duties and return to the hall for reports and dismissal.

3rd. In the afternoon the Post will meet again for parade for the purpose of dedicating the Soldiers Monument, at one o'clock at Post Headquarters. They will then leave the hall and proceed to the grounds around the Armory at the head of Main-st., for the purpose of organization for parade with the city authorities and other organizations, who will report previous to May 30, to Captain Lindsay, their intention to parade, he being detailed as Marshal for the occasion. After the parade is formed they will march down Main-st. to Eighth, up 8th to Church street, from Church st. to Main, and then to the grounds around the monument, outside of the fence, (on account of the small space, the Post only will form around the stand). The following exercises will then be carried out:

1st. Music by Mozart Band.

2nd. Invitation by Mayor Kelly to Post 187 to dedicate the monument.

3rd. Service of G. A. R. dedication.

4th. Displaying the colors.

5th. Star Spangled Banner. -- Mozart Band.

6th. Displaying the Emblems of the Army and Navy.

7th. Saluting the dead.

8th. Poem, -- By Dr. R. B. Wilson, of New York.

9th. Address by comrade Alfred Darte, Commander of Post 97, of Wilkes-Barre.

10th. Closing services and Benediction.

11th. Music, -- Mozart Band.

By order of J. M. ALEXANDER, Commander.

WM. L. YARRINGTON, Adjutant.

"MEMORIAL DAY! THE MONUMENT DEDICATED, THE CEREMONIES OF THE OCCASION, THE DEDICATORY ADDRESS AND POEM" (Published in THE CARBONDALE LEADER, Tuesday Morning, June 2, 1885).

THE MONUMENT DEDICATED

THE CEREMONIES OF THE OCCASION.

THE DEDICATORY ADDRESS AND POEM.

The 30th of May dawned rather inauspiciously. The skies were lowering, and the general appearance of the weather was such as to forebode failure to the arrangements that had been made for the proper celebration of Memorial Day in Carbondale. The rain drizzled down with fits and starts during the entire morning, and somewhat dampened the ardor of the enthusiastic veterans. They were on hand, however, and promptly gathered at their headquarters at the appointed hour. After appropriate ceremonies they repaired to the various cemeteries and quietly and reverentially decorated the resting places of their fallen comrades with tokens of affection and remembrance. This occupied the first few hours of the morning.

On account of the dedication coming on Saturday, it was impossible for a large number of Grand Army Posts who were anxious to be present, to get here and participate in the ceremonies, as each had its duties to perform at home. Lieut. J. G. Stephens Post, of Peckville, was the only visiting organization. Thirty-seven members of this Post were present.

In the afternoon at one o'clock the Post again assembled for parade and for the purpose of participating in the dedicatory exercises. The line formed at the upper end of Main-st., headed by the Mozart Band; then followed a full membership of Wm. H. Davies Post, 187, and their visiting bretheren from Peckville. Behind these marched Columbia Fire Co., No. 5. In one carriage rode Mayor Kelly, Capt. A. Darte, Dr. R. B. Wilson and Hon. Lewis Pughe, and in another rode Alds. Kinback and Thompson. There were also vehicles containing a number of disabled veterans. The

procession marched down Main-st., up Church, and down Main again to the Park where it stopped. Only our Post 187, the visiting Post, the fire company and the band were admitted to the park, in addition to the speakers, on account of the lack of room. Immense crowds filled the streets and lined the sidewalks of the park, eager to here the exercises.

A small platform had been erected close to the monument in front for the speakers. This was surrounded with evergreens. On a small table in the front lay an open Bible resting on two swords crossed.

After a selection by the band, Mayor Kelly arose and in behalf of the city formally invited the Post to dedicate the new monument. This was responded to by the commander of the Post, J. M. Alexander, and the dedicatory exercises were entered upon. A special detail was selected who fired a salute of three charges in honor of the dead. The Army and Navy were then represented by respective details who suspended the appropriate emblems on either side of the monument, the Navy a sword and anchor; the Army a knapsack, canteen and bayonet.

Appropriate short passages of scripture were read and a dedication prayer delivered by Chaplain W. H. Platt after which Dr. R. Bruce Wilson, of New York, read a poem which he had composed for the occasion. It was listened to with breathless interest and was read with a fullness of meaning that only an author can give to his own production. We give it in full that those who did not have the pleasure of hearing it may not lose it.

THE POEM.

Deign, Muse! to smile on him who now essays
Of patriot heroes here to hymn the praise
Yet feels how weak, inadequate, his pen
To do faint justice to the cause and men;
Thy kindly aid, O, Muse! I humbly crave
To fitly sing of the departed brave.
Full conscious that on theme so near divine,
Some worthier song, some loftier lyre than mine,
With truer poet's fire should woo the sacred Nine!

When fierce Rebellion reared its hideous head
And Reason from the Southland fair had fled,
When haughty Arrogance and foolish Pride
Beneficent and goodly laws defied,
When rancorous Hate, begot by Slavery's stain,
Thrilled through the States when clanked the bondman's
chain,
And egotism, conceit, o'er-rated power,
With years of Rule which seemed an endless dower,--
When these, with fancied ills and wrongs at hand
Made Treason rampant through our Southern land,
With stern avowal by the traitorous ones--
Made bold and backed by stolen forts and guns--
That this fair country they would madly sever
Though blood throughout its soil should flow like river.--
Then rising to the Nation's aid came forth
The loyal legions of the steadfast North;
From city, village, town, vale, mountain, glen,
From workshop, farm, mines, poured brave, earnest men:
From peaceful labor, all unused to strife
On battle field; from every walk in life,
Our Country's flower of youth and manhood came
To offer up their lives for her fair fame!
Bright smiling homes, loved families, comforts, all
They left to march and fight at Duty's call;
To fight for principle and liberty,
That our Republic might be great and free,
To fight for human rights, for you and me
And all who now are and are yet to be
Inhabitants of this our glorious land,
From eastern shore to far Pacific's strand,
From northern boundary to south-most line--
Fought that for all dear freedom's sun might shine!
Why here attempt to tell the suffering,
The thousand forms of anguish war doth bring!--
The weary marches, sickness wounds and death,
The parching heat, the Winter's icy breath,
The thought of loved ones waiting far away,
Privations, hardships, suffered night and day,
Hunger and thirst, exposed to rain and snow,
With constant vigilance to watch the foe,
The conflict's din, death-missiles everywhere!
The cannon's thunder shrieking through the air!
The ghastly dead and dying scattered round,
And dreadful scenes of every battle-ground!--
Unmurmuring through it all they bravely went,
If that their country lived were they content!
Their eulogies were sounded long ago,
By orator and poet, when the glow

And freshness of their laurels yet were bright--
Ere time and apathy had dimmed their light--
While young Enthusiasm inspired the pen
And tongue which praised illustrious deeds and men!
They fell on many a bloody battle-field,
In prison-pens they starved, and some did yield
Their lives in hospitals; and some returned,
Broken in health, but in their bosoms burned
The loyal fervor of the patriot's heart,
Which naught could quench nor nothing from them part!
And still it beams as brightly as a star,
Nor will it pale while lives the "G.A.R."
To re-enact the days of martial life--
March, bivouac, camp, and all save actual strife--
To succor needy veterans of the war,
Encourage patriotism near and far,
To cherish fondly yet the memory
Of acts heroic, names that shall not die!
And oh! the mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Who freely gave their precious darlings' lives
To save their country!--heroines were they,
Self-sacrificing as the ancient lay
Of Grecian poet ever dared to paint!
Woes, pangs, untold they bore without complaint;
The anxious watch for news of brother, son,
Husband--or other full as dear a one,
The agonizing fears which crazed the brain
That their beloved were mingled with the slain
And never more to them would come again!--
Fears that were realized how oft, alas!
No word nor hope as weary months would pass;--
Yea, were our grand, unselfish, women then
Companions meet of martyr-hero men!
And now, to day, though twenty years have flown
Since Peace her corn and wheaten fields hath sown,
And Slavery's curse, so long our country's shame,
Which made a mockery of freedom's name--
The crime that plunged us in the dread abyss
Of civil strife and brought our Nemesis!--
And war, with sectional hatred, all have fled,
We meet to honor here our soldier-dead.
We harbor naught of enmity tow'rd those

Misguided countrymen who were our foes;
Time softens all resentment in the heart;
(Yet let us never once forget the part
That each side took, and which for UNION stood
And earned for aye the Nation's gratitude!)
The South risked all for what it deemed the right;
We more respect the soldier who will fight
Though in mistaken cause, then him who stays
And aids the foe, --with never word of praise
Or help for loyal troops who nobly stand
For government and law and native land!
'Tis fitting thus to place, though late the day,
This monumental column which shall say
That our brave boys who dared, the rebel shot,
In grateful hearts shall live nor be forgot!
Though tardy honor to the dead be shown
It is sincere; yet not the dead alone,
But living comrades who this tribute raise
Are honored and deserve the meed of praise!

Ah! ye who are no more, but sleep the sleep
That wakens not! your country long will keep
Your bays and memory green and feel with pride
That not in vain here gallant sons have died--
Nay, not in vain; our Nation yet endures,
Greater and FREE, through heroes' blood like yours!
Your valor and devotion true will be
The boast, the wonder, of futurity,
And generations yet unborn shall tell
How bravely, nobly, for the flag you fell!
This shaft and ground to you we dedicate
With trusting hope that all will emulate
Your patriotism at their country's call
And for her welfare fight--if need be, fall!
O, soldiers! who the path of duty trod
With honor, rest in peace beneath the sod!
The cause of Freedom is the cause of God!

At the conclusion of the poem Dr. Wilson was loudly applauded.

Captain Alfred Darte, of Wilkes-Barre, and commander of the flourishing Post of the Grand Army of that place, (Ely Post, No. 97) and a man who we are proud to state claims Carbondale as his birthplace, was then brought forward and amid hearty applause began the following stirring address:

THE ADDRESS.

MR. MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,--

COMRADES ALL: I have no desire to go contrary to the generally received opinions; to overthrow, even if it were possible, the traditions of the elders. It is not for me, standing here on this platform, to dispute what has passed into a proverb among the people. Centuries ago it was said: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." In some measure this is my country. I spent many years as a boy and man among you. For all that, you could not have conferred a higher honor upon me than in asking me to address you on this occasion. For the opportunity of so doing I thank you with a full heart.

We have met here amid the mountains of Pennsylvania to dedicate a monument, the gift of a grateful, free people, to the memory of some of the best and bravest of her sons. We have a pride, as we think pardonable, in the old Keystone, with the area of an empire and her millions of sons and daughters. She is a grand old mother, with her backbone of iron and her heart of coal. But splendid as is the record of her material prosperity, never the day and never the deed which reflected such undying glory and honor upon Pennsylvania as did her course when the hydra-headed monster, "States Rights", clutched the throat of the nation. Why boys, the ink on the President's proclamation was scarcely dry when her men were in rank, and five companies of Pennsylvanians marching through Baltimore on the 18th of April, 1861, were the very first volunteers from the North who reached Washington. She gave to the Union army Meade, Hancock, and Reynolds who breasted and rolled back at Gettysburg the highest hill of the rebellion. The 56th Penn'a, in which Flynn of your city, boys, you all knew him, was Captain, opened the Infantry fight on that historic field. She sent for her population as many as her sons as any State in the Union. They did their simple duty and did it well. On every battle-field from the first Bull Run to the Appomattox the blood of Pennsylvania's sons mingled with that of the Maine men and the Californians. Many of them were men of exceptional bravery and coolness. At Gettysburg, when the "Louisiana Tigers" charged in upon our guns and were bayonetting the cannoniers at their pieces, the Captain of that battery, one of my townsmen, a member of the Ely Post, a Wyoming Seminary boy, sprang upon one of his guns and flashing his sabre amid the lurid smoke of

battle, shrieked out, "Boys, not one must live to tell that we lost our guns on Pennsylvania's soil." Inspired by such a leader these artillerymen fought with sponge staffs, ramrods, aye, with stones picked from the ground in defense of the guns they had sworn to guard. They did not lose their guns;--somehow such men seldom do lose guns. The enemy fell there or fled, and it is said that that famous brigade was so nearly annihilated that it never reorganized. In the same fight when Col. Wister of the 150th Penn'a Infantry was shot in the mouth so that he could not speak, by a motion he turned over the command to the Lt. Col., and then picking up the musket and accoutrements of a dead soldier went in with the boys on a bayonet charge. He could not speak with his own mouth but he spoke from the mouth of his musket. At Chancellorsville, Frank Beardsley, a Captain of the 141st Pa. Infantry, another Seminary boy, seeing one of his men firing too high, struck the musket down with his sword, saying, "Fire lower you infernal fool, there has not been a single rebel in heaven since Lucifer was kicked out."

At Stony Creek Sation Frank Ervey of the 4th Pa. calvary--"Big Frank," we used to call him--while leading a mounted charge in a battery, has his sabre hand shattered by a grape-shot. The arm fell helpless at his side with the sabre knot attached, but he made no sound. His courage was of the heroic type, worthy of his six foot four of humanity. With a knightly devotion he kept at the front till the battery was won, and then fell fainting from the saddle. And there was Peter Keenan, of the 8th Pa. cavalry. Were any of you at Chancellorsville? Do you remember the dread you felt when the crash of musketry, roar of artillery and rebel yell told you where away out on our right Jackson with three-fourths of the rebel army had struck the Eleventh corps and smashed it by the sheer might of numbers? The advance must be stopped. Pleasanton chanced to be there and ordered Keenan to charge the enemy with his regiment. They both knew that it meant almost certain death, but they knew, too, that time must be had to get artillery in position, and Keenan, with less than 500 sabres, charged the advance of thirty thousand. Of course he died there with most of his men. But not Winklereid, grasping an armful of the enemy's spears and sheathing them in his own breast that, dying, he might make way for Liberty; not the charge of the "Light Brigade" at Balaklava, immortalized by Tennyson, showed greater forgetfulness of self, a more heroic devotion to the cause for which they fought. The Light Brigade charged because somebody blundered. Keenan charged to save the

army, and he did it. The enemy staggered before that handful of chivalric men. Pleasanton gained ten priceless minutes by Keenan's sacrifice. He got his guns into position and when the enemy again advanced the hot air throbbed and pulsed with the crash of thirty cannons. The double loaded guns sent showers of grape and canister hissing and rattling through their ranks. But those frenzied men charged up to the very muzzles of the guns. They did not take them. It could not be done. Nor did they fall back. They were blown back by that storm of iron, and shreds of flesh, pieces of bone and spots of blood, the horrid fragments of what had been men, were scattered among the trees. Nothing living could take those guns. All honor to Peter Keenan! Thanks to him and Pleasanton, the grand old Army of the Potomac, not outnumbered, not outfought, but so terribly outgeneraled, was saved to win at Gettysburg. It was my good fortune to know these men,--not better or braver, it may be, than hundreds of thousands from other States, yet we are proud of them as Pennsylvanians. But higher, better, grander than all else, we are proud that they, too, were United States soldiers; proud that they, too, wore the blue. And it is to these, and such as these, we dedicate this monument.

With such feelings for our comrades it seems peculiarly fitting that on this day specially set apart for that purpose, we, the army of the living, should visit in their silent camping grounds the army of the dead that, if the spirits of those who have gone before do revisit the scenes of their earthly labors, they may know that we, who receive so gratefully the benefits they died to give us, are not unmindful of their services and sufferings. For, though many of them died ere the struggle ended, not one doubted "The high hopes which burn in the strife for freedom, though true hearts perish in the time we bitterliest need them."

We meet here to-day, not to celebrate a victory, not to exult over a fallen enemy. We have no desire if it were possible to call up again the fierce hate and hot blood of our horrible civil strife. We would not triumph over those who fought bravely and failed. Some would say "let the dead past bury its dead." So say we. We have no word of harshness for our former enemies. It's twenty years since we called them rebels and were straining the resources of the nation to crush them. To-day they are our friends and brothers, citizens of the same broad country, under the same old flag, but, boys, in spite of them, with not a star erased.

We think they sinned. We know thy suffered. We have heard a great deal about forgiving and forgetting. We have forgiven. Number the nations of the earth. Count them from the point where the far North meets the far South. Take the wings of the morning and chase the sunrise round the globe. Count them all. Read me the names of all the nations, and then tell me if you find an instance of such forgiveness,--there is not one in all that list. Go back of all that,--back to the dawn of authentic history. Search amid its dim and misty pages, and tell me if you find there an instance where any nation ever put down such a rebellion as we did by force, and no man died as a penalty for treason. There is not one in all that list. We have forgiven, but we can't forget. It is too soon. The grass has not yet grown green often enough above the graves of our dead. There are too many widows and orphans scattered throughout the land; too many crippled soldiers, hobbling toward the grave with scarce body enough left to hold their faithful hearts. We can't do it. It is too soon. We do forgive our former enemies, but don't ask us to forget our dead comrades, for they are our dead. We cannot forget, if we could how they died, and why. We must remember that the principles they died for were our principles; that the right of the majority to govern is the broad foundation upon which our nationality rests. That,--once gone,--the superstructure crumbles, our States become but fragments--imperfect, powerless, too weak to put down internal strife or to defend themselves against a foreign enemy.

In our favored land we never meet as did the older nations, to crown with laurels the conquerer who came with his triumphal car and train of heart-broken captives, sole remnants of destroyed nations. We commemorate no wars for national aggrandizement. We are not a war-like people. The traditions of the United States are peace. Not the dastard's peace at any price, but peace, just so long as it can be maintained with safety to our national honor and national integrity.

The grand old worthies who founded this nation, born and bred on this side of the Atlantic, far from the heat and turmoil of European strife have looked out over the earth from their seclusion and learned, that wars to establish a military reputation were a delusion and a snare, and that wars for national aggrandizement meant financial ruin. Were they right? France has fought for a military reputation, what they call the glory of France, but not all the military genius of the hero of Lodi, Austerlitz, and the Pyramids, backed by the swerving but desperate courage of her soldiers could roll back the tide of invasion from the very gates of her capital; and twice in this century, were her

great armies broken and defeated. Paris, the most beautiful city on the earth, has been in the possession of foreign troops. England has fought for territorial aggrandizement and extended domain. The blood of her soldiers has sprinkled almost every soil beneath the sun, and so much treasure has she wasted in war that to-day her national debt amounts to enough to have bought and paid for every foot of territory she ever conquered; a debt which no man living dreams will ever be paid.

Not such have been our wars. They have been the struggle of those who fought for all that makes existence worth having, despising life if defeated. History could tell you how they fought. The world knows that story by heart. Struggling thus and on that principle we have borne the old flag forward, many times torn by the cannon shot, and scorched by the cannon's flame; not victorious in every fight, but the United States never yet made peace until victory perched upon her banner.

Some of the grandest of man's constructions on the earth are memorial structures. The Pyramids of Egypt are supposed to be such, but they have long outlived the nations which built them; and so utterly have they failed to their object that learned men argue and dispute as to what they actually commemorate--while the dust of the desert buries their foundations as it has long since buried their founders. Monuments, great or small, beautiful as they may be, are but the exponents of the heart's best feelings. We have enshrined the memory of our dead defenders in the hearts of a grateful people, and in that heart beating high with hope their memory is as fresh and green to-day as though the clods had just rested on their bosoms. These little ones whom you saw to-day with their bright faces and beautiful flowers will pass that weight of gratitude down the generations until in the years to come the words, "We died in the army," shall with the mantle of charity cover a multitude of sins, and make the spot where the dead soldier rests hallowed ground.

It is peculiarly fitting that your monument should be located just here. This is the very spot where the first company from Carbondale assembled when they started for the war; and it was here they were welcomed on their return by their friends and neighbors. In front of yon church

one Sunday morning twenty-four years ago, I saw a man distributing handbills calling for recruits as the people came out from worship. This is the centre of your city, and it is well that here, amid the bustling, busy marts of trade, there should stand a perpetual reminder that citizenship means duties as well as blessings to enjoy--that we have rights worth fighting for and, if need be, dying for. To us who were in the war its events are as of yesterday, but to those who have grown to manhood and womanhood since 1861 it is as much a matter of history as the Crusades or the Revolution. In the course of nature, before 1900, the most of the present survivors will have gone over to the majority, for--

"The boys in blue are turning gray,
Thin grow our ranks and thinner;
We bluffed death off for many a day,
But he'll at last be winner.

We list no more the shrieking shell,
No more the grape shot rattle,
But comrades fall while tolls the bell,
As once they fell in battle.

What though above our wasting ranks
No battle flag is gleaming,
God's red and white in morning light
O'er heaven's vault is streaming.

Then close the ranks as years roll on
As life's dim sun grows colder,
Face death to come as deaths gone by,
With shoulder firm to shoulder.

Though scant the muster roll below,
Above 'tis growing longer,
Though faint on earth our voices grow,
In heaven they'll swell the stronger.

Other nations honor the leaders, the men who plan battles instead of the men who fight them. We honor them all,--not alone the men who wore the straps and stars upon their shoulders, but the enlisted men; the privates in the ranks; the men who rolled the turrets of our monitors; the men who swung the sabre with Sheridan; the men who with clenched teeth and poised bayonet held Round Top for Meade at Gettysburg. To these, and such as these, we dedicate this monument.

We have been taught to revere the memory of our Revolutionary ancestors. So we should. They fought to establish a nation. Back in the sixties these men we honor today fought to maintain the right of the Nation, born of that seven years of suffering, to live. We looked upon those old Continentals as almost another race of beings from those we saw every day about us. We saw them as it were through a maze, misty with distance. Some thought we had lost the breed of noble hearts; that our people had become so absorbed in the strife for gain and worldly advantage that nothing could arouse them to deeds worthy to those who had gone before. But the first gun fired at Sumter startled the Nation. Its roar, echoing from Maine to Oregon, drowned all sounds of strife on minor matters of politics, religion or nationality. The almost universal cry became, "Our country, may she always be right, but our country right or wrong." It was as though an enemy had smitten the mother who bore us, and the children from every hillside and every valley gathered to her defense as cheerfully as guests to a wedding. The whole North was aflame. The arts of peace seemed likely to perish from among us and all looked, thought and dreamed only of war. It seemed as though the Nation had made a new departure and was making war a business. We were surprised, it is true. It was hard to realize that war was upon us, fierce, relentless and cruel, and that, too, waged by those whom we had been taught to call our brothers. We had heard so much of disunion that we ceased to fear that the threat would be carried out. That word had been the lash held over the North like a bugbear for generations. When a wrong was to go unredressed or a right to be surrendered the Southern leaders had but to shriek that word with its attendant grizzly horrors in the ears of Northern doughfaces and they became as pliant in the hands of their Southern masters as clay in the hands of the potter. But now that word had lost its power and the time for action was at hand. There was a new feeling in the Nation and they found that the government would not be carried on entirely in the interests of the slave oligarchy. In the South they were ready. Their leaders had done their work well. Since the foundation of the government they had stood with the left hand held outstretched receiving more than their share of the bounties of the Nation, while with the right they were hewing away with the energy of desperation at the very foundations of our government. It had always been the policy in the South to keep their

appointments in the military and naval service full while from the North there were always vacancies, so that at the outbreak of the rebellion there was actually a majority of officers in both branches of the regular service from the South. They had corrupted the regular army and navy so that no one knew whom to trust. But there was a power beyond and greater than these, which they could not bribe and could now cower. The great heart of the people was firm. The struggle became the people's war, and the people, without regard to leaders or politicians, were determined to fight it out through blood and tears, if need be, to success.

You older ones will remember how you felt when the President's proclamation came, calling for seventy-five thousand men. This continent had never responded to the tread of such an army. We thought it would practically march unresisted from one end of the rebellious States to the other. But we did not know the men we dealt with. They were in deadly earnest. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Then your brothers, friends and neighbors left you. You had known them here among you as quiet, unassuming, law-abiding citizens. You had never dreamed that they were the stuff of which heroes were made. Churches were closed and colleges deserted. Priest and parishioner, professor and student, crowded shoulder to shoulder to the conflict. They left you, the beardless, fair haired stripling from behind the counter, and the gray bearded grandsire from out the mine. For once public opinion in the North seemed a unit, a great whole. So often outraged, vilified and traduced, crushed in and driven back upon itself had it been that it reminded us of one of those great blooms of iron in our furnaces, upon which the puny blow of a single arm makes no apparent impression, but when heated to a white heat in the furnace and subjected to the titanic strokes of the trip-hammer it blends into a great homogenous whole; and now public opinion had thus blended. It had concentrated its strength, it had gathered its force and was crowding forward with the power of the avalanche, terrible as the thunder. Some of you will remember how you went through Baltimore. The Massachusetts men had been killed in its streets, yet our men clamored to be led through that city. When we got out of the cars at the Bolton depot the men were ordered to load and cap muskets and fix bayonets, and further ordered that if a man in the ranks was struck with any missile to fire at once into the crowd it came from. Luckily for all there were no stones thrown. We had no uniform and they called us "Pennsylvania's ragged militia." The boys were dirty, sunburned and ragged, but

their bayonets were bright and their muskets loaded. So they went to the front and soon you began to hear of them. That little, curly haired, rosy cheeked Sunday school boy, almost girlish in his modesty, had led the forlorn hope, and dashing forward with clubbed musket and a wild cheer had been the first man over the breastworks at Donelson, and the old class leader, that venerable patriarch of the grand grey head, who had such unction in prayer that he could raise up poor sinners up and up almost to the gates of Paradise, had become the deadliest shot in his regiment. But he took his piety with him. It was the kind that would wear and when he took aim at a man he never forgot to say "God have mercy on his soul" before he pulled the trigger. And these Christian soldiers have always been terrible in the fight. Historians tell us that when Cromwell hurled his Ironsides against the enemy they charged singing hymns, and that the echo of their psalm-singing was as terrible to the foe as the flashing of their broadswords. We had many such terrible fellows to pray and fight. There was poor Joe Dalzelle, shot and cut to pieces at the battle of St. Mary's church, who, when he knew that he was dying, could say:

"Let me lie down.

Just here in the shade of this cannon torn free,
Here, on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer.
Le me lie down.

Oh, it was grand.

Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share.
The tempest,--its thunder and fury were there.
On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead.
With the foe under foot, and our flag over head.
Oh, it was grand.

Oh, that last charge,

Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnell and shell,

Through, without faltering,--clear through with a yell.

Right into their midst, in the turmoil and gloom.

Oh, that last charge.

Weary and faint,

Prone on the soldier's couch. Oh, how can I rest,
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced
breast.

Comrades, at roll call when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and I fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Dying at last.

My mother, dear mother! with meek tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you for ever and aye.
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first pressed.
Dying at last.

I am no saint,

But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins
"Our Father, " and then says, "Forgive us our sins,"
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen."
Oh, I am no saint.

Hark! there's a shout.

Raise me up comrades. We have conquered I know.
Up on my feet with my face to the foe!
Ah! there lies the flag, with its star spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right.
Well may they shout.

I'm mustered out.

O, God of our Fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong.
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-stained sod,
I die for the Nation, the Union and God.
I'm mustered out.

We are here to-day honoring ourselves and our
comrades by dedicating this monument to such men. That
war for the Union was the peoples' war, and the people said
lay your hands gently upon our "erring brethren", and we did
so. For a year that was the policy, and the hands were laid
gently upon them. It was as stupid as handling red hot iron
with white kids. We tried with gently, gloved touch to reach
the Southern heart, but the heat, rage and hate which had
been seething there for generations soon burned the gloves
off; and ere the war was ended that hand had become brown
and hard with service. Its muscles were iron and its nerves

were steel. Historians have not written or poets sung of a more perfect faith, or a more enduring courage, than that shown by our soldiers and sailors.

There was Farragut, the noblest Roman of them all, lashed to the mast, passing Forts St. Philip and Jackson; issuing his orders as calmly amid that awful diapason of death as though on a review. That was heroism, not of mail-clad knight of the olden time, the story handed down to us in romance and traditions, grim, dim and misty with age, but the brighter, better courage of to-day--the courage of this age of progress and advancement.

And there was the old Cumberland, sinking in Hampton Roads. Cut down below the water's edge by the iron prow of the Merrimack, with the water rushing through her shattered sides like a river, with the ship swiftly sinking, but with every man at his post, working her batteries with the energy of despair, without a thought of surrender. Firing her last shotted gun as the water entered its muzzle, leaving its echo among those Virginia hills after the battered old hulk had gone down beneath the waters, and soon on that placid bay all that was seen of the old Cumberland was the flagstaff, forty feet above the water, with the flag still flying, showing to all the nations how a ship should be fought.

At Fredericksburg our boys showed how men could die. Those who were not raw recruits, those going at Mary's Heights, careless and heedless of danger. They were veterans who had been through the baptism of fire, bronzed and bearded, battle-scarred on many a field, torn by rebel shot and shell, they knew instinctively where they were going, and they knew that it was useless, but stern to the order, and they had worn the blue too long to think of disobedience. So, advancing from the shelter of the town, with unloaded muskets, and lines beautifully dressed, they started toward the breastworks. When the order came, "Charge bayonets! Double quick, march!" the muskets came down with one crash, the long line of polished bayonets making a single gleam in the sunlight, and they made a frenzied rush for the intrenchments. But they met a fire from an unseen foe which flesh and blood could not stand. The front line faded away as you have seen the mists fade off the mountain side before the morning sun. Again and again did these devoted men attempt to charge, and each time rolled back like waves of rock. Brave men died there

by thousands. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Some things are worthless, others so good that nations which purchase pay only with blood. It was a bitter purchase, a terrible lesson, but we learned it well. We learned there on Fredericksburg's bloody heights that leaders at the front can handle armies better than bran-eating philosophers, drivelling in their editorial chairs. It is these heroes, and such as they, we have assembled to honor.

Upon the tablets of the beautiful monument we have gathered to-day to honor ourselves by dedicating to its high and holy purpose, it is recorded that it is erected by your citizens to the memory of all who went from Carbondale into the war for the Union. The roster of the dead thereon numbers one hundred and twenty-seven. Fifty-nine died during the war. Of these, over one-third were members of my company. Most of the others were my boyhood friends, classmates or schoolmates. They grew to be brave, true-hearted, patriotic men. We cannot honor them too much, but where all are so heroic it would be invidious to particularize. Some may have had better opportunities than others, each improved such as he had. Even a brief history of each would exhaust your patience, besides you knew them as well as I. Eight of the dead died in prison. Six of those were men of M Co., 4th Pa. Cavalry, who rotted at Andersonville, that hell on earth, the very name of which has passed into history as a synonym for horror. It cannot be wrong, in peace and in war, for me who knew them as I did to say that six better men than Charles Sherwood, Edgar F. Cramer, James Barton, Clark R. Darte, Elisha Guard and Michael Hickey never swung a savor or pointed a musket. Because they were the sturdiest, best and bravest, they were where dangers were thickest and were captured. Of seven of my men captured at Sulphur Springs, Virginia, in October, 1863, only one lived to see "God's country." Think of it! Six out of seven! It needs no comment. The sun has never looked down upon a concentration of more utter horror. Yet those poor, starving, rotting, dying men have given us the grandest lesson of patriotism recorded since the morning stars sang together. Thirty thousand of them, many rotting at the extremities with the worms of corruption rioting in the dead flesh attached to their living bodies, dying by inches, and knowing that they were dying, but they kept the faith. With men daily crossing the dead line on a hunt for death to escape from suffering; with the standing offer of fresh air, health and food if they would join the Confederate ranks; yet not one accepting the offer, not one willing to live with honor gone. Such a lesson makes us proud to call them comrades. We can do nothing to honor

such men. We honor ourselves when we try to do them justice. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." The wishes and hopes of a warm, true heart crystallize into noble deeds. Thus your citizens may well take pride in this beautifully appropriate monument and its surroundings. By voluntary contributions of men, women and children has this result been attained. Rich and poor, old and young have given as each felt able. All are interested, and all may well be happy over the result. The same spirit has been abroad that in the Revolution led the women to give their golden ornaments and jewels to buy clothing for soldiers, and their pewter table-ware to melt up for bullets. In the name of those to whom it is dedicated, the living, and the dead, I thank you. It is, I believe, the first in your county. There is a fitness in that fact. The first company from here had the honor of being in the same regiment with the first volunteers who reached Washington. It is well that your city should be the first in thus remembering the nation's defenders. This must be a proud day for Wm. H. Davies Post, No. 187, G.A.R. This assembly of people, these surging thousands, show that, having proved yourselves worthy, the heart of the people has been with you. By hard, persistent work, by untiring labor in sunshine and in storm, you have accomplished this grand result. All honor to Davies Post and its members; honor to its patriotic true-hearted Commander, a leader, indeed, fit to command such men, the right man in the right place, Joseph M. Alexander. This is a splendid work well done, and you shall not fail of your reward. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and they shall find it after many days."

"Mid the losses and the gains,
'Mid the pleasures and the pains,
'Mid the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat this precept o'er,
We believe it more and more;
'Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Our soldiers and our sailors went out from among us strong and hopeful. Some lived to tell the story; others came back, sent home tenderly by their loving comrades, the sad,

mute reminders of the dread realities of war. Some were reported "missing in action," and will be missing until the dead shall rise for judgment. Some went down at Fredericksburg, in a vain attempt to charge where man's image moulded in solid iron, moved by machinery, could scarce have gone and preserved its shape; some at Chancellorsville, where fires burning in the woods for three days, smothered the dying and consumed the dead; some in the Wilderness, where under the drooping boughs of the interminable forest, there was not room to swing a clubbed musket; where, save in one instance, artillery was useless and cavalry in the way, and where the fight became a fierce hand to hand fight between infantrymen, fighting like famished wild beasts. Some may, in the very hour of victory, have been at Five Forks and gone down while joining in the fierce charging yell of Sheridan's cavalry. They are dead in the sweltering holds of our ironclads. Dead on the storm-swept decks of our blockaders. Dead in the darkness of midnight away out on the lonely picket post. Most of all, dead in the prison pen; up from its filth and rottenness, up from the dead line and starvation, they have gone to join the fine ranks of the redeemed around the glory gilded throne of the Father. Dead wherever duty called them. Nor did they all die victorious. The light of many a brave man's life went out in defeat and his last glimpse of God's beautiful sunshine was darkened by the shadow of the foe rushing on with shouts of triumph. We have many of them among us. All over the land to-day there are such and similar memorial services. Little processions it may be of comrades and friends wending their way to the cemeteries to pay a tribute of respect and to rejuvenate their patriotism above the dust of the dead. Many have been gathered into cemeteries near the battle-fields where they fell, and there they rest by companies, battalions, regiments and States. The sight of these is sad enough. But the saddest of the sights in these cemeteries is the long line of the "Unknown Dead" of those who died and left no sign, who have dropped out of our knowledge as utterly as though in the darkness of midnight the earth had opened and swallowed them. Yet each one of these was somebody's darling. Somewhere in our broad land there is a vacant chair. Some heart to-day is weighed down by the fearful nightmare of uncertainty. We only know that they were Union soldiers. God knows the rest. There are enough to

make up another army of the unknown dead, to whom the poor privilege of resting side by side with their unknown comrades has been denied, men who had dropped by the wayside, weary and footsore, worn out in the service, and if good fortune gave them burial they rest in single isolated graves all over the South. Could we but dispeople the graves of the unknown we should have an army larger than that which turned the tide at Waterloo, grander than that which won at Buena Vista, as brave as that which fought at San Jacinto.

Army life had many turns and men got hardened, but I saw the boys moved once. It was after Gettysburg. The rebel army, foiled and beaten, was in full retreat. The cavalry was ordered out to find their route and direction. Passing through the town, crossing Seminary Ridge we came to where the First Corps had borne the brunt of the opening battle. The bodies of our dead lay there stripped, where they had fallen three days before. Some had fallen or been dragged into the road. The baggage wagons and artillery of the enemy had passed over them, crushing them almost out of all human shape. The men saw it. There was no word spoken. No order was given. Yet each man seated himself firmer in the saddle, clasped his horse tighter, silently slipped the sabre knot over his wrist, and quietly and almost secretly drew his sabre. The walk became a trot. The men crowded forward, each one wishing to be the first. Along farther we came to where, on a small tree, hung up by the heels was the body of a Union soldier. The trot became a gallop. Just ahead was the rear guard of the rebel army. And there in that narrow road, charging by fours, without an order given, was made one of the most desperate, headlong cavalry charges of the war. It was not boy's work, no child's play, to charge the infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia. Rebels though they were, they were soldiers worthy of the race they sprung from. But they scattered before the charge without an order. Our loss was fearful. Many went down by the wayside. There was no time for burial. Our orders were, "Forward!" and there we left them. There were more recruits for the grand army of the unknown dead.

"Their bodies are dead, and their weapons rust,
But their souls are with the saints, we trust."

The war for the Union cost the North three hundred thousand dead, more than three times as many as the entire population men, women and children, of your great county.

There are scarce ten cities on this continent with an aggregate population equalling in number that roll of honor, and all of these died that the nation might live. Some gave more than life. Some gave up the filial duty of soothing the pathway of a fond father, or a dear old mother, down the hill toward the sunset of life. Many left a wife, the bride of an hour, weeping among her kindred. Others left their little ones prattling beside their mother's knee, just learning to lisp the name of father. And these fond old parents, loving wives and prattling children are some of the heritages they have left to us. It should be a pleasure, as it is a duty, for us to recompense them as far as possible for their loss, to lighten as much as may be the weight of sorrow which they must bear through life. That is one great object of the organization of these Posts of the Grand Army among us. And it is well. Somehow it has always seemed to me that soldiers felt nearer to each other than any other class of men. Gathered though they were from every nation and every clime, a common cause made them brothers. There could be no one to whom, in the early gray dawn of the morning, when waiting the opening of the battle, a soldier could more freely turn over the care of his loved ones than a tried and trusted comrade. They learned to rely upon and trust each other. The safety of the army often depended upon the fidelity of a single advance picket. There was no sham there in the ranks. When in the awful rush of battle you have felt the touch of a man's elbow on the left or on the right, you learn to know the stuff he is made of. And if, when you ask one for word of a comrade, he is able to answer, "Do I know Joe Davis? I guess so! He was my tent-mate. We drank from the same canteen." He thinks he has told it all. Language can go no further. These living comrades have never betrayed their trust. In many cases the Grand Army has done more than could be expected even from those in whose eyes the assistance of a comrade is a holy duty. They have shared the last crust with the widow and the fatherless, and have strengthened the hands of the lone mother whose dead soldier was her only son, and she a widow. And they have been mindful of the old and poor. Did you ever attempt to realize what that single expression means, "Old and poor?" Why, it means that youth with its buoyancy and strength is gone, that life is all behind them, that they have made their throw and lost, that the future has nothing in store for them but increased want and helplessness. Young and poor, but with health and strength,

is nothing. We should be specially mindful of the old and poor. Our duty would be poorly done if we honor the dead and forget their living dependents. We must realize that their support was what upheld the flag, and that, but for that support so freely given their dependent ones would not be scattered all over the land, with the strength of their claims in the weakness of the claimants. Still the people of the North have not been wanting in kindness to their defenders. It is a strife on the floor of Congress who can do the most. These helpless ones, and the shattered remnants of humanity, have been made the wards of the nation. The pension list foots up among the millions. No people ever paid and honored their soldiers and sailors as we have. Posts of honor and political preferment have been theirs.

"The war fiend wasted the nation,
But the burning curse that came
Enkindled in all our people
Stern duty's pure flame.
Then still to our God be the glory,
We bless Him through our tears,
That we live in the grandest nation
Which has stood in all the years."

It is not to be expected that this generation can forget. The strong, heavy swell of the ocean lingers long after the storm has ended. But a better day is dawning; already the blue and the gray march side by side to decorate the graves of their fallen comrades. Our interests are now as one. Telegraphs and railroads are binding us together as with a network of iron. Thanks to the men whom to-day we try to honor, Secession is dead, shot to death by the million guns of the republic. Slavery is dead, dead, by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. We have a nation to-day without a blot on her fame, or a star in her diadem of glory dimmed by a national crime. Our excess of population surges out Southward and Westward. Already at the base of the Rocky Mountains you may hear

"The tread of pioneers of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where yet shall roll a
human sea"

Thanks to the men whom to-day we attempt to honor we are building a nation to-day upon the broad basis of equal rights and equal justice for all. Building upon that firm foundation we have room for the teeming millions of Europe, room for a hundred States, room for the wealth of a dozen empires. And it requires no prophet to fortell that ere another hundred years roll round we will float the "Old Flag" all over this continent, with a hundred stars, while upon each natal day of the republic, the voices of a hundred millions of freemen shall echo from mountain top to mountain top, proclaiming to all the nations, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

During the delivery of the above admirable and eloquent address the speaker was frequently interrupted by applause from his hearers. Many could not hear it on account of the noise among the crowd and many others of the Captain's admirers would have been glad to be present and hear it if it were possible, and we are glad to be able to print it entire.

Hon. Lewis Pughe, of Scranton, a former respected citizen of Carbondale, was then called upon by Mayor Kelly. He was unprepared for any speech-making but nevertheless made a few very appropriate remarks in which he congratulated our citizens upon the elegant structure which had been reared in the heart of our city and this day dedicated to the defenders of the cause of the Union.

This closed the dedicatory exercises and with the benediction by Rev. L. C. Floyd the audience was dispersed.

THE ADVANCE, another extraordinary newspaper published in Carbondale in the nineteenth century, also carried a complete account of the Memorial Day ceremonies in Carbondale on May 30, 1885. As did THE CARBONDALE LEADER, THE ADVANCE published the complete text of Dr. R. Bruce Wilson's poem. The introductory newspaper account to those texts that was published in THE ADVANCE on Saturday, June 6, 1885, is given below.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Its Observance in Carbondale.

Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument.

The morning opened cool and gloomy, and before noon rain fell, but the work of decoration went on. The programme as published by us last Saturday morning was fully carried out throughout the day. The weather in the afternoon was better, and the ceremonies of dedication were attended by a large crowd of interested spectators from this and surrounding towns. The poem of Dr. R. Bruce Wilson, of N. Y. city, and the oration of Alfred Darte, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre, both former residents here, are among the finest ever delivered on a similar occasion, and we take pleasure in laying them before our readers, that they may preserve them as mementoes of this glorious epoch in the history of our goodly city. Our citizens are justly proud of the day and the occasion, their monument and park, and their poet and orator. And here let us speak a word in commendation of the energetic Commander of Davies Post, No. 187, Mr. J. M. Alexander, to whose untiring efforts, more than to those of any one else, we are indebted for our beautiful monument and park to-day. He has worked in season and out of season, early and late, for the furtherance of this grand and commendable project, which gives to the Pioneer City the pioneer soldiers' monument of the county, as well as the first park. Our city will doubtless now commence an era of adornment and beautification which will soon make her the prettiest town in the valley, a credit to her citizens, who as a majority are known among the best to be found anywhere. That the town and its people will continue to increase in every good and perfect work we may confidently expect.



Robert B. Wilson

San Francisco.

Cal.

"IF ANY ONE ATTEMPTS TO HAUL DOWN THE
AMERICAN FLAG, SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT."

"JOHN A. DIX."

Th. Annie

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Carbondale, Sept. 30. 1861.

Dear Boy, We have just returned from visiting Jerome's family in Edmeston, Otsego Co. N.Y. & on our return found a letter here dated at San. F. Aug. 26. and supposed to be from you, although no signature was attached thereto. By that epistle we conclude that your mind is much excited if not exercised on the subject of Lincoln's abolition war on Southerners & southern institutions, particularly the institutions of slavery. This subject has become so stale that it ceases to excite any man's mind here, further than to get a fat office, or a good contract for horses, guns, clothing or provisions whereby they can live comfortably in camp or make a fortune without any regard to the welfare of their country. The masses here in Va have been constrained from events transpiring since the inauguration of the present administration into power, that it is no part of its policy "to crush out the rebellion" & make peace & restore Union between the beligerent sections of

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the Union, but to continue & prolong the war as long as the government credit can be pledged for 50 cents on the dollar to carry it on with.

Suppose the Southern states are conquered, overrun, laid waste, devastated or finally subjugated, can any sensible man acquainted with southern feeling or Southern character suppose that the cotton State will ever send representatives to a national congress at Washington? Alas! I fear the youngest boy now living will never witness that event. It is rather amusing to reflect that the party now in power, so mighty conscientious about "sustaining the constitution & preserving the integrity of the Union" is composed of the same ingredients who have been preaching disunion for twenty five years past & denouncing the Constitution as a "league with death & a compact with hell". Our rulers of both parties had become so corrupt & dishonest that they were almost unanimous for the ruin of the country, & had they not accomplished it by bestowing the revenues formerly received on imports to eastern manufacturers, donating the public lands by the millions to swindling Railroad companies & bringing on a civil war; they would in all probability have passed several pacific Rail Road bills during the next

³ session & ruined the government by pledging its credit for two or three thousand millions to build them. This magnificent Rail Road scheme is thus frustrated (except in the heads of a few fanatics) & thrown into the shade for the present, & the government whose five per cents commanded a premium in the streets a year ago have depreciated to eighty five cents on the dollar, & it is not without much difficulty & shrewd financiering that $7\frac{3}{10}$ per. cents can be disposed of at par, has full employment & often with much apprehensions to retain her Capitol. This magnanimous administration with a pliable and subservient congress seems to exercise & put in practice all the arbitrary power that Austria or Turkey ever claimed for their despotic rulers. I can commend this administration, which cuts so sorry a figure towards "retaking the forts & places" belonging to the government, for its steady & unrelenting determination to ruin the country & thereby amass fortunes. We may indeed tremble for our liberties, when martial law is proclaimed throughout two states & the Capitol of the nation, when the writ of habeas corpus is suspended, when the government of two states is usurped & the execution of their laws suspended

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the officers elected & appointed under them seized & imprisoned for months because "they are guilty of being suspected, when all newspapers whose editors have the audacity to expose & hold up to public execration the frauds, villainies & corruptions of the "holy administration", are excluded from the mails, when every whelp who desires to shake off his family cares, "rushes spontaneously to arms to sustain the integrity of the Union", & leaves his family to the tender mercies of a "charitable institution". The war was a godsend to the thousands who had been deprived of employment by the operation of an iniquitous tariff bill, which had for the time being literally paralysed the industry of the Country by destroying its commerce & manufactures, and those thousand starving operatives would have rushed as spontaneously to any thing else where bread could be found as "to arms to defend the Union". You enquire about Henry—he is at home & been here two weeks, thinking it hardly worth while to imperil his health or life on behalf of the nigger—a wise conclusion.

Jerome (the doctor) was married last January to Angelica A. Hopkins, is keeping house in comfortable circumstances for a new beginner, with good prospects for business, situated on the head waters of the Anadilla, in a small village surrounded by a good & highly improved farming Country.

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His wife has light hair & complexion with blue eyes & healthy appearance, nineteen years old, possessing a good common school education, being brought up to honest industry, with a thorough knowledge of household duties & practical life. I esteem her highly as a daughter & regret that my other boys cannot do as well. We left Theresa there to finish her visit, two or three weeks hence & return by public conveyance. The distance by private conveyance is about 100 miles — by Rail 130, with some stage connections. You next ask who has enlisted from Carbonade? With the exception of M. J. Byrne & Bill Hampton & Charles Cadwin — three in about 120, I think all are strangers, & mostly of old country birth or parentage. Henry Sims of Montrose enlisted last week, (drunk or sober) & I suppose he is now "fifing" at Camp Carter near Harrisburg. The Warner you speak of I suppose to be a son of David D. Warner formerly of Montrose, a citizen of good reputation & fine military appearance on parade — he was colonel of the Regiment in which I performed military duty seven years as a volunteer. Business is exceedingly dull in Pennsylvania — most of the Rolling mills having failed or suspended, since \$15. a ton

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5 was imposed on imported Iron, and the machine shops & foundries that continue business, are working only from three to five days in a week & at a reduction of twenty five per cent from last years wages, with a much less number of men. Produce of all kinds is much lower than for years past—cotton fabrics, tea, sugar, coffee & liquors have already taken a rise in consequence of the tariff of last Congress. There has been but few improvements made in our City during the present Summer—a village called "Kannons Mines" three miles up the mountain containing about 100 houses has been built within a year, Capt. Brewster owns the mines, but Barker & Co. rent the mines & machinery & deliver about 300 tons a day. Several individual operators are also mining & delivering coal in this vicinity, & as there is much competition in the trade, we get a pretty good article without screening at a dollar a ton. Many inquiries are made about you, such as where is he? what is he doing? is he making money? is he digging gold? when is he coming home? Henry spent all the money he had & about 18 months time in the West looking for a place to locate & practice law, travelling through Ohio, Indiana Illinois & Kentucky, & has come to the conclusion that Carbondale is not the worst place in the world after all. There has been but little sickness & consequently but few deaths in Carbondale this season—Lizzie Thompson passed off in July leaving a young babe. Dr. Berry was buried a few days ago—died of old age. Our County fair comes off this week & every body, & every bodys wife & children is getting ready to go, but me, & as I attended the state fair last fall on the same grounds the sights then exhibited will last me two or three years. Mrs. Applegate remains in the basement yet, Thompson & Clarkson across the square &c. Ang. Cameron keeps house on Church street & frequently inquires about you. Your Uncle Merriets family well, John (whose wife & children are near Chicago) & Wm. M. are the only ones at home—Charly is in Baltimore & Jim on the Ocean—Ed in the West. Anns family all well—Flora married a lawyer J. H. Squire from Tunkhannock. Jim Grumell is married "out West"—heard nothing from him in a year. My health is about as usual having been an invalid at intervals for several months past without any prospect of being better.

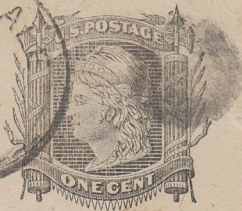
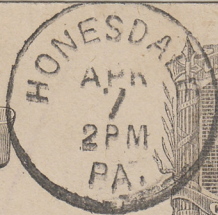
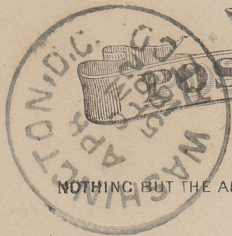
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was imposed on imported Iron, and the machine shops & foundries that continue business, are working only from three to five days in a week & at a reduction of twenty five percent from last years wages, with a much less number of men. Produce of all kinds is much lower than for years past—cotton fabrics, tea, sugar, coffee & liquors have already taken a rise in consequence of the tariff of last Congress. There has been but few improvements made in our City during the present summer—a village called "Brewan's Mine" three miles up the mountain containing about 100 houses has been built within a year, Capt. Brewan owns the mines, but Barker & Co. rent the mines & machinery & deliver about 300 tons a day. Several individual operators are also mining & delivering coal in this vicinity, & as there is much competition in the trade, we get a pretty good article without screening at a dollar a ton. Many inquiries are made about you, such as where is he? what is he doing? is he making money? is he digging gold? when is he coming home? Henry spent all the money he had & about 18 months time in the West looking for a place to locate & practice law, travelling through Ohio, Indiana Illinois & Kentucky, & has come to the conclusion that Carbondale is not the worst place in the world after all. There has been but little sickness & consequently but few deaths in Carbondale this season—Lizzie Thompson passed off in July leaving a young babe. Dr. Berry was buried a few days ago—died of old age. Our County fair comes off this week & every body, & every body's wife & children is getting ready to go, but me, & as I attended the state fair last fall on the same grounds the sights then exhibited will last me two or three years. Mrs. Applegate remains in the basement yet, Thompson & Clarkson across the square &c. Ang. Camerow keeps house on Church street & frequently inquires about you. Your Uncle Merri's family well, John (whose wife & children are near Chicago) & Wm. M. are the only ones at home—Charly is in Baltimore & Jim on the Ocean—Ed in the West. Anna's family all well—Flora married a lawyer G. H. Squire from Tunkhamock. Jim Grumell is married "out West"—heard nothing from him in a year. My health is about as usual having been an invalid at intervals for several months past without any prospect of being better.

7
Your mother is in usual health & sends her love
that pure & devoted love of a mother to a far off
son on the pacific shore. Your Aunt Rox. who
came here last winter with Harland Blackman
while making his wedding tour is very much im-
proved in health & spirits & also sends her love.
The Republicans of this place who have read your
correspondence in the advance express a strong
desire that you would locate here & start a paper
little the responsibility or expense of such an
enterprise enter their heads, but their impulses &
feelings are expressed. Benedict & two sons continue
in the advance office. Bill Thompson is yet
farming in Benton, his wife much improved
in health from last year & his son R.B. quite
is quite a large healthy boy. Write often as
convenient. affectionately your father

J. Wilson

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Your mother is in usual health & sends her love
that pure & devoted love of a mother to a far off
son on the pacific shore. Your Aunt Rox. who
came here last winter with Harland Blackman
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NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS CAN BE PLACED ON THIS SIDE.

H Wilson

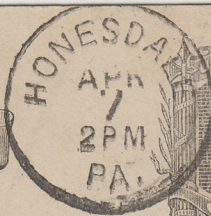
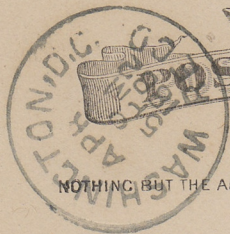
Washington

D.C.

Care of

Hon. G. C. Judd

H. R.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS CAN BE PLACED ON THIS SIDE.

H Wilson

*Washington
D.C.*

Care of

Hon. C. C. Judd

H. R.

Honorable Mr I see Maria
1882

We got your card ~~the~~ and was glad
to hear from you and also glad to
hear that your having a nice time.
Is uncle Bruce coming here. I would
like to see him all is right here.

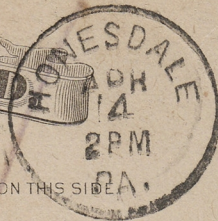
~~your~~ your Bruce I have one more to say

Honolulu c/o I see Maria

1882

We got your card ~~the~~ and was glad
to hear from you and also glad to
hear that your having a nice time.
Is uncle Bruce coming here. I would
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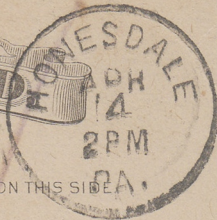
NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS CAN BE PLACED ON THIS SIDE

H. Wilson

Washington

D.C.

Care of
Hon. C. C. Judson H.R.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS CAN BE PLACED ON THIS SIDE

H. Wilson

Washington

Care of
Hon. C. C. Judson H.R.

D.C.

2
Thamesdale April 4th 1882

Dear Father and Mother ^a Why do
you not write to us We are well
and everything is all right We
are very careful of fire and
also of the Lamp
We are getting a Lamp ~~now~~ all
from you Dear Sam Bruce right

Thamesdale April 4th 1882

Dear Father and Mother ^aWhy do
you not write to us We are well
and everything is all right we
are very careful of fire and
also of the Lamp
We are getting a Lamp ~~now~~ all
from you Dear Sam Bruce right

OUR HONORED DEAD.

List of Carbondale's Soldiers Who Have Passed Away—See
That Their Graves Are Strewn With Flowers
on Tuesday Next, Memorial Day.

**CORRECTED LIST OF THOSE WHO ARE BURIED
IN THE CEMETERIES IN THIS CITY.**

OUR HONORED DEAD.

List of Carbondale's Soldiers Who Have Passed Away—See
That Their Graves Are Strewn With Flowers
on Tuesday Next, Memorial Day.

CORRECTED LIST OF THOSE WHO ARE BURIED IN THE CEMETERIES IN THIS CITY.

Maplewood Cemetery.

NAMES.	WHERE DIED.
1 Charles B Mason	Carbondale
2 Wm A Davis	David's Island, N Y
3 Wm Shannon	Carbondale
4 Fred'k Ulmer,	Hospital, Washington
5 Ernest Johnson	Carbondale
6 Luman C Berry	"
7 Erastus Berry	"
8 Henry J Baker	"
9 J H Phillips	"
10 Henry W Whiting	Massachusetts
11 H N Whiting	Carbondale
12 Robert G Bailey	"
13 George Forrester	"
14 James Foster	"
15 William Easter	"
16 William J Hughes	"
17 J H Bronson	"
18 George Styles	"
19 John D Wedeman	Mill Creek
20 James Willis	Carbondale
21 Frederick Glutz	"
22 Evan Breese	"
23 Edwin Reese	"
24 John Black	"
25 James Forrester	"
26 John Campbell	"
27 Isaac Siebottom	"
28 Geo J Davies,	Communipaw, N J
29 James Belknap	Carbondale
30 George M Rowley	"
31 Alfred Dart	"
32 Lewis Deering	"
33 Wm M Thompson	"
34 Amos Guard	"
35 M P Bailey	"
36 John H Marcy	"
37 Lewis Decker	"
38 Lucius Marshall	"
39 Jacob Bryant	"
40 Benj H Thomas	"
41 Eliab Gilbert	"
42 John Scurry	"
43 James M Drumm	"
44 E lis Roberts	"
45 Wm Herring	"
46 Thos Jardine	"
47 Carr Simpson	"
48 John T Peck	"
49 John Newton	"
50 William Smith	"

51 Thos H Woodward	"
52 John Mahoney	"
53 Thos R Lathrope	"
54 John Tracy	"
55 Jos E Parker	"
56 Peter Matthews	"
57 C R Vogel	"
58 Benjamin Geary	Dunmore
59 Charles H Hollis	Carbondale
60 Frank Miller	"
61 Calvin Parsons	Wilcox
62 James M Stewart	Carbondale
63 John Alpaugh	"
64 Samuel D Baker	"
65 Wm N Cole	"
66 Chas E Turner	"
67 George Porter	"
68 Truman Whipple	"
69 Truman D Bradley	De Land, Fla
70 William Nicol	Carbondale
71 Silas Wedeman	"

Old Catholic Cemetery.

1 Patrick Gallagher	Carbondale
2 Hugh Gallagher	"
3 John McHale	"
4 John Willis	Carbondale
5 John McGowan	"
6 Michael Quigley	"
7 Anthony Loftus	"
8 Matthew Norton	"
9 Thomas Kirkwood	"
10 Patrick Brennan	"

New Catholic Cemetery.

11 Captain M Flynn	Carbondale
12 Thomas Nolan	"
13 Andrew O'Connell	"
14 James Cannon	"
15 Terrence Scanlon	"
16 Thomas Kilpatrick	"
17 Dr Richard Foote	"
18 Thomas Walker	"
19 William Perham	"
20 John Linnen	"
21 Thomas Gilhool	"
22 Charles Timmons	"
23 Thomas Sullivan	"
24 Martin Barrett	"
25 Charles Boland	"

26	Patrick Flood	New York city
27	Alex McLean	Carbondale
28	Martin Hanophy	"
29	Timothy Burns	"
30	Barney O'Rourke	"
31	Andrew Fagan	"
32	John Lyng	"
33	Thomas Smith	"
34	Anthony Woody	"
35	John Flannery	"
36	Michael Surdival	"
37	Edward Burke	"
38	John O'Grady	"
39	Edward Lynn	"
40	Thomas Farrell	"
41	Michael Golden	"
42	Michael Morrison	"
43	Michael Farrell	"
44	Patrick Fallon	"
45	William W Walker	"
46	Daniel O'Connell	"
47	Martin Healey	"
48	John Scanlon	"
49	Patrick O'Rourke	"
50	James Duffy	"
51	John Weidner	"
52	John Gordon	"
53	John Kelly	"

Brookside Cemetery.

1	James Palmer, Post 397	
2	James V Irwin	Carbondale
3	Malcolm L Rowson	"
4	Henry Baker	"
5	Selah Brock, Susq. Post,	"
6	Nicholas Peters	"

Greenfield Cemetery.

Alban M Burdick (Vail)
Wm Cordner (Green)
G W Buchanan (Lee)
William Sweet (Vail)
Hiram Tompkins (Wedeman)
Daniel B Coon (Peck)
Daniel Vail, Carey cem., Scott
Wesley Thatcher, Meredith cemetery,
near Carbondale

Veterans of Other Wars.

Col. Dennis Graham	Florida war
James B Moran	Mexican war
Michael B White	Florida war

THE SILENT ROLL.

Corrected List of Our Soldiers Who Have Died and Were
Buried Away From Carbondale.

Benjamin Havard, Andersonville Prison	Horatio R Pierce, Scranton, Pa
Edwin Hall " "	Col Wm N Monies " "
Conrad Fischer " "	John W Mason, Green, N Y
Charles Sherwood " "	Wm Walker, Nevada
Edgar F Cramer " "	John Brennan " "
Dennis Sullivan " "	Wm Battle, 2d Battle Bull Run, Va
Samuel Lane " "	Russell Harris, Port Jervis, N Y
James Barton " "	Stephen Brundage, Washington, D C
Elisha Guard " "	Samuel H Pattent, Lincoln hospital,
Michael Hickey " "	Washington, D C
Clark R Darte " "	James McLaughlin, in Battle Antietam
William Hunter, Salisbury Prison	Daniel Hazen, Phila. hospital
George A Whiting, Baltimore, Md	David Vail, unknown
Charles A Whiting, at Sea	Oscar Smith, " "
Jacob A Turner, Soldiers' Home, Wash-	Lewis B Dings, Falmouth, Va
ington, D C	Martin Chamberlin, Hartford, Pa
John Grady, Arizona	Geo Chamberlain, Harrisburg, Penn
John Lane, Hart's Island, N Y	George Phillips, " "
Thomas Murphy, Georgetown hospital,	Charles Manzer, Washington, D C
Washington	John Manzer, " "
James Gilhool, Battle Wilderness	Edwin F Adams, Harford, Susq Co
John Gilhool, " "	William Conrad, Gibson, Pa
Daniel Bradley, Battle Fair Oaks	Charles A Dart, Elkdale, Pa
John Mooney, Mansfield, Pa	David Price, Gibson, Pa
Griffith Reese, Louisville hospital	John Lynch, unknown, in the Army
Richard Miller, Libby prison	Charles Maxwell, Battle of St. Mary's
Dilton Taylor, David's Island, N Y	Church, Va
Richard Taylor, Providence, Pa	Oran W Taylor, Providence, Pa
James Gordon, 2d Battle Bull Run	Frank Hudson, Wilkes-Barre
Thomas Nolan, Washington, D C	Geo W Sampson, Post 187, Dunmore
Almon Engle, David's Island, N Y	John Finnan, Danville, Pa
Peter Vankirk, Susquehanna, Pa	Frank Le Roy, Camp Stoneman, Va
Bryan Kelly, New Orleans, La	Chas H Estabrook, Jackson, Susq Co
George A Decker, Norfolk, Va	Ira Davenport, Canaan cemetery
Lewis Hudson, Washington, D C	Peter Galligan, Pittston, Pa
Walter Rosser " "	John Dresser, New Orleans
Charlton Benham, Boonsboro, Md	Luther H Sampson, Peekville
Patrick Dougherty, Leadville, Col	Minor C Connor, Scranton
Michael Reap, Battle Wilderness	Lewis Silsbee, Peckville
John Coyle, Washington, D C	John T Amerman, Glen Dyberry Cem ,
Lemuel Haskins, Morris, S C	Honesdale

Two Carbondale soldiers died in the Spanish American war:—C. W. Tallman, buried at Jackson; Wm. Craig, died and buried in Cuba.



Tombstone of Captain Michael Flynn. Saint Rose Cemetery (formerly called New Catholic Cemetery), Pearl Street, Carbondale, PA; photograph taken by Donald W. Powell in June, 1981. The inscription on the tombstone reads as follows: "MICHAEL FLYNN / CAPT. CO. C 56 REGT. PV. / AGED 56 YEARS / BRIDGET FARRELL / HIS WIFE / AGED 70 YEARS / MARY E. FLYNN MCGOVEN / AGED 24 YEARS / WM CLIFFORD FLYNN / AGED 3 YEARS / REQUIESCENT IN PACE. / FLYNN" Captain Flynn's portrait appears on the front page of this issue of NORTH-EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA; his name is included among the soldier dead in the list of Carbondale soldiers that was published in The Carbondale Advance (Volume XXVIII, Number 52, Saturday morning, May 16, 1885, page 3, column 6)--that list is reproduced in the present issue of this historical quarterly on pages 25-26.



Picture of Capt. Michael Flynn (ordered first shot fired at Battle of Gettysburg. Ambrotype on deep purple-red glass, by an unidentified American photographer, possibly one from north-eastern Pennsylvania; collection of Carbondale Public Library, Carbondale, PA; copy print by Donald W. Powell. Image, 2" X 2 3/8", contained in a hinged case (now detached), each wing of case 2 3/8" X 2 7/8". Surface of image hand painted in two different colors: orange-yellow (buttons) and light rose (stripes on collar and sleeve, edging on front of jacket). The sword hilt, to the lower left of Captain Flynn's hands, is handcolored with a combination of the same orange-yellow and light rose. The painted studio landscape behind Captain Flynn shows, on the left, a church or castle on a hill (looking for all the world like the Chateau de Chillon on Lac Lemane) and on the right, four pine trees by a lake. The identity of the sitter in this ambrotype is known from the hand written information (underlined title above) on the index card which was folded around the image when it was donated to the Carbondale Public Library by Mary Thomas, Carbondale, on the occasion of the Bicentennial celebrations in 1976. A photograph of Captain Flynn's tombstone in Saint Rose Cemetery, Pearl Street, Carbondale, PA, is given in this issue of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA on page 20, column 2. The name of Captain Flynn is given in the list of Civil War veterans interred in the New Catholic Cemetery (Saint Rose Cemetery, Pearl Street) in Carbondale, PA, that is given in this issue of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA on page 25, column 3.